

The TATLER

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Norman James

YOUNG ENGLAND
SAFE AND HAPPY
IN CANADA

Susan Jean Douglas, only daughter of Lord and Lady Cecil Douglas, and a god-daughter of the Marquess of Queensberry, Lord Cecil's brother. Lady Cecil Douglas and her little girl, who is only nineteen months old, went to Canada three months ago. The buckets which the lady is carrying look as if they had been tastefully camouflaged, but this, of course, may not be so, because Canada is outside bombing range



Importance of Dakar

The expedition had left the shores of Britain nearly four weeks earlier, and had it sailed

THE WAY OF THE 'WAR'

By "FORE-SIGHT"

would have ensured a peaceful occupation.

But for one little leakage of information which enabled the men of Vichy to learn that the Free French expedition had put to sea, the original hope might have been realized. Undoubtedly the arrival off Dakar of several French warships which had been lying in Toulon since the armistice strengthened the

hand of the newly appointed governor, M. Boisson in organizing last-minute resistance to General de Gaulle. M. Boisson has been sent to Dakar only recently, specially charged by Vichy to check by all means in his power the growing tendency apparent in French West Africa to join with the forces of Free France in a renewed struggle for independence from the German yoke. In Air General Tester, M. Boisson had at his side a strong supporter of Marshal Petain.

At Longer Range

Time alone will show what may be the ultimate result of the rebirth in French Africa of the will to resist. Berlin and Rome are obviously apprehensive lest their plans for conquering and dividing up at their own pleasure the territories and wealth of that continent may be brought

to naught by Allied operations in defence of the status quo. As matters were standing Mussolini undoubtedly felt a certain confidence that he would be able without much difficulty, to overrun Egypt and the Sudan, thus joining up his territories with those already acquired, if not assimilated, in Abyssinia. A serious threat to his right flank and rear, such as might be constituted by large forces established in the French colonial possessions, would put matters into a very different light.

Statements issuing from Berlin, Rome and certain quarters in Madrid have been showing very clearly the direction from which the Axis leaders want the wind to blow. Spain is being encouraged to remember that her share of the Moroccan Protectorates fell short of her aspirations at the beginning of this century; that Spain should have had more and France less of the control in the Sultan's territories. Spanish troops in considerable strength have been assembled in Morocco. Close investigation might show the presence among them of many Germans dressed in Spanish uniforms. Nothing would better suit Hitler's plans than that a clash should be provoked between Spanish and French Morocco; even that the Spanish area should be persuaded to believe that French and Allied forces in French Morocco were being prepared for an action to seize the important Spanish coastal strip, thus increasing their control over the western entrance to the Mediterranean.

All this area will bear watching very closely throughout the next phase of the war. It may well be true, as our ambassador in Madrid is understood to hold, that the Spanish generals are strongly opposed to allowing the Falangist hot-heads to precipitate their war-weary country into fresh hostilities. It is undoubtedly a fact that all the wiser minds in Spain recognize that to join the belligerents now would be to risk starvation through the British blockade, and a swift end to the small beginnings of reconstruction after the havoc of the Civil War.

But these considerations might be of little importance should Germany demand of Spain

(Continued on page 4)



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT AT A MODEL AIRCRAFT FACTORY

H.R.H., as we have reason to know, is very assiduous in his visits to various hives of air industry and it was the mercy of Providence that one of these did not terminate fatally. Above: Mr. V. J. G. Woodason is seen explaining the model of an American fighter machine, one of many at a factory where these things are made for instructional purposes. On the left is Mr. Whitney Straight the well known motorist who accompanied the Duke of Kent on this tour

straight into Dakar when it arrived off that port ten days or so later it could have landed without opposition and achieved the whole of its objects. Instead, technical reasons were advanced for requiring that the ships must first sail on to Freetown, Sierra Leone, where they could be refueled and so forth. It was during that delay that the Vichy Government became aware of what was in the wind and dispatched warships to Dakar from Toulon.

We may well ask whether the British naval authorities were well advised to let these warships pass on the simple statement that they were proceeding to the much nearer port of Casablanca. The fact remains that the British were hoodwinked, and the vessels were enabled to reach their true destination at Dakar. At this point the London Government decided that General de Gaulle's operation at Dakar must be abandoned at least for the time being, and his troops were landed in Sierra Leone.

That decision, once taken, it must now appear, that it would have been wiser to stand upon it. But within a fortnight a further new decision was reached, and the expedition was told to embark and proceed with the original plan, although insufficient time had been available to restore conditions on shore at Dakar which



AT A SUSSEX FÊTE IN AID OF POLAND

This entertainment in aid of the Sussex Society Fund for Polish Relief, was held at Ormonde Hall, Bolney and in this little group are, left to right: Mr. Edward Canning-Freeman, the well-known Sussex artist, the chairman; Captain Victor Cazalet, the Member for Chippenham and liaison officer between the British and Polish forces, who made an appeal for funds; Lady Leconfield, the President of the Society; and Prince Poniatowski



REAR-ADMIRAL PERCY W. NELLES

The Canadian naval officer most prominently connected with the taking over of the U.S. destroyers is Rear-Admiral Percy Nelles. He is the first Canadian to reach this rank. He was one of the first team of naval cadets to enter the service in 1908, and saw active service in the Royal Navy during the last war. His career has been one of rapid promotion, resulting in reaching his present rank two years ago when he was forty-six, three years younger than any rear-admiral in the Navy. His first medal was that of King George V's Coronation

The Way of the War

(Continued from page 2)

the right for passage of her troops through her territories into Africa. The Gestapo is established literally by thousands in all the leading

expect to see Cairo spared from Italian air bombardment. That may be of greater importance than it sounds during this period when Egyptian popular feeling is developing.

Meantime Britain has been able to show Egypt that the disappearance of the French

Army of the Middle East has not affected British determination and ability to carry out her obligations to defend Egypt against external aggression. It may have been difficult for the uninstructed in Egypt to realize that a large stretch of the Western Desert relinquished to the advancing Italians lay in advance of the positions on which the British forces had long ago decided to give battle if challenged to do so. On the other hand the fact that British divisions, powerfully equipped, are continuing to arrive in Egypt, must be apparent to many eyes and the object of growing confidence and encouragement.

We may question, however, whether Whitehall is not still adopting a too gentlemanly attitude towards reports of subversive activities by Italian agents which could easily be nipped in the bud by a more ruthless attitude at the top. Mr. Churchill, infinite though his capacities appear, cannot do everybody's job. There are many who wish that his Foreign Secretary, at present Lord Halifax, were holding the helm with a somewhat stronger and harsher hand.

Bevin, Beaverbrook and Labour

As a matter of fact Mr. Churchill has been thinking for some time of means for strengthening his War Cabinet. I have mentioned the fact from time to time in these notes, also indicating that he does not find it

easy to see just how this is to be done. Without question the most impressive figure of the Labour representation in the Government is outside the Cabinet. I mean Mr. Ernest Bevin, who impresses as towering head and shoulders above his colleagues in vision, drive, determination and ability.

The trouble is that Mr. Bevin is a full-blooded Socialist and the Conservative school of thought which has for so long guided national affairs shrinks from admitting him to the inner circle. Yet it can hardly be questioned that if the war is to be won, it will be won as much by the men and women behind the army, navy and air force as by the very gallant men who do the actual fighting. And therein lies the strength of Mr. Bevin. He does know the workmen and their mentality. More than any other man at the head of our affairs Bevin knows how to keep those men and women in the right kind of spirits to ensure that their war output is maintained despite the added strain being thrown upon them by the intensification of enemy air attack.

In the circumstances it seems a pity that Lord Beaverbrook should regard the aircraft industry as a close corporation inside which he will tolerate no interference from, or collaboration with, the Minister of Labour. Men like Ernest Bevin know very well that a telegram of congratulation from the Minister of Aircraft production, or a heartening speech from one of his touring henchmen, has no long-range effect on the maintenance of output. Organization of communal feeding, medical services, provision for peaceful and secure rest during off hours and a few practical arrangements of a similar kind, are likely to be of a great deal more value than telegrams and statements, whether these express gratitude for efforts made or urge to still greater efforts when production looks like declining.

This clash between one of the natural leaders of Labour and an aspirant to recognition as "the people's man" threatens to bring about an awkward and quite unnecessary "situation" inside the Government. It is one that must add to the load which Mr. Churchill so cheerfully takes on his own shoulders and one which could, and should, be removed. Meantime it seems to be established that, should Mr. Chamberlain feel obliged to lay down the leadership of the Conservative party, Mr. Churchill would, if somewhat reluctantly, accept the mantle. He stood out against the idea for a considerable time. He wished rather to be the non-party head of an all-party Government. Perhaps his mind was finally made up when he realized the reaction to an interview-statement by Lord Beaverbrook that he himself would make a suitable successor to Mr. Chamberlain.

Dislocation in London

Unpleasant facts become easier to meet when looked at frankly. Under this heading must be grouped all those new problems created by the night bombing of London which has now become a regular feature of our wartime existence. It may seem curious but it is unquestionably true that the Government had not foreseen that these attacks would be so heavy and destructive.

In consequence, it is plain for all to see, little had been done to prepare in advance for the special conditions arising out of that dislocation. The work of the A.R.P., police and fire-fighting organizations has been generally recognized as superb and a model of efficiency. The transport organizations have been performing miracles in maintaining alternative services

(Continued on page 32)



AIR MARSHAL W. A. BISHOP, V.C.

The famous Canadian air ace of the last war, seventy-two enemy aircraft was his official tally (V.C., D.S.O. and bar, M.C., D.F.C.) is now in charge of the great Canadian training scheme. The excellent snapshot was taken in London. He has always been "Billy" to his Service

Spanish cities. Spain's present rulers—General Franco and the army—might wish to resist the compromising actions of Germany. But whether they would be allowed to remain in control for a day after that resistance were shown is very much more doubtful.

Prudence in Egypt

At the other end of the Mediterranean Sir Miles Lampson, our Ambassador in Egypt, has expressed himself as well content with the course of events so far. One has heard the view expressed in uninformed quarters that Egypt ought to have declared herself at war with Italy on the moment that Italian troops crossed the frontier into the Western Desert. Indeed, four Saadist members of the Egyptian cabinet resigned office ostensibly on the grounds of their disagreement with the policy of the Premier and their colleagues. Probably internal politics rather than more impressive motives impelled those resignations. The fact remains that so long as Egypt refuses the formal challenge to war, so long we may



THE AIR MINISTER, LADY SINCLAIR AND ONE OF THEIR DAUGHTERS

A happy snapshot taken outside one of London's best-known lunch spots. Sir Archibald Sinclair has every right to smile for he represents the finest air force the world has ever seen



CAPTAIN CECIL BOYD ROCHFORT AND
THE HON. MRS. RUPERT HARDY

The famous Newmarket trainer, many of whose horses have been evacuated, with Lord Hindlip's elder sister who married Sir Bertie Hardy's son and heir



THINKING THINGS OVER
Mrs. Rupert Reiss and Mrs. Colin MacNaughton
devising measures to defeat the Ring



CAPTAIN AND MRS.
LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH

In the Members' Enclosure between races. He is a Home Guard Commander and Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth is running a canteen in Hampshire

RACING AGAIN AT LEICESTER



LORD CARNARVON AND T. BARTLAM,
THE JOCKEY

The well-known owner and enthusiastic G.R. is now with a composite cavalry regiment in process of training. He was formerly a 7th Hussar. Bartlam rode Mr. W. Stratton's Gold and Blue which ran up in the Burton Handicap. The Jigger, a 100 to 6 shot, won it and Gold and Blue's price was 100 to 8



WING COMMANDER AND MRS. W. M. L.
MACDONALD AND (BELOW) LIEUTENANT
AND MRS. FULKE-WALWYN AND MR
FORWOOD



MRS. DUNLOP AND MR
GILBERT ROBINSON

Two more of the lucky people who enjoyed this be-damned-to-Hitler meeting last week. Lieutenant Fulke-Walwyn in the picture alongside added to the fine 9th Lancer Grand National record by winning on Reynoldstown in 1936, that gallant horse's second win in succession in the world's greatest steeplechase



THE CINEMA By JAMES AGATE

THREE has been quite a deal of discussion as to whether or no America has done and is doing all it can to make us win this war for freedom. So far as my own particular coign of film criticism is concerned, let me declare my opinion that America is behaving marvellously. We are all of us told that, unless we are actual war workers, the thing to do at this somewhat ruffling crisis is to continue valiantly at our peace-time jobs with a patriotic song in the heart and an optimistic smile on the lips. In all but the actual belligerency things must go on as much as possible as before. It is no valid reason for not dusting your drawing-room that there is a thousand-to-one chance of your drawing-room furniture being matched

Overdoses

to see, or show, or criticize. It is gallantly continuing to distract us with all the old, familiar, detailed foozle about Hollywood's activities, and seeing to it that the London end economically types the news on both sides of the paper. Reading this dope we must take heart again : "What promises to be one of the great acting plums of the year dropped into the lap of Barbara Stanwyck when Paramount signed the actress for the title rôle in the forthcoming William A. Wellman production, *Pioneer Woman*. This will deal with the tremendous role played by women in the building of an empire in the West, a subject hitherto largely devoted to the male sex." There is the inspiring news, too, that "in *Second Chorus*, Paulette Goddard will wear eighteen different costume changes, and has eighteen different hair styles in the production." There is the further bombshell, if the word be allowed, that Dorothy Lamour is active again : "When Dorothy Lamour starts to work, Hollywood either sighs in resignation or ducks for cover. It is a sure sign that things are going to happen. Not minor things, but things approaching cataclysmic proportions . . ." But I grow impatient with copying the stuff! The gist of it appears to be that Miss Lamour having made her public like nick-of-time melodrama is now going to abandon that genre. "At one time," says the dispatch, "there was general opinion among writers that the public would accept coincidence to a reasonable extent, but would never accept an earthquake pushing an island up under the feet of a drowning sailor." Lamour having altered all that is now to turn a gleaming back on her achievement, and is to give us in *Moon Over Burma* an idyll without any hair-raising hurricane or sailor-lifting earthquake. Universal dismay will be instantaneously allayed with the further information : "Paramount,

however, assures all and sundry that there is plenty of action in *Moon Over Burma*. There are a forest fire, a log jam, elephants, cobras and other helps to high blood pressure."

It must be confessed that the only Hollywood film I have been tempted to see this week has a very old type of non-tropical story. This is *The Doctor Takes a Wife* at the Regal, which works out with far more vigour than wit, the jaded formula of resolute spinster and grim bachelor arriving at love through a series of quarrels. There always has to be a crisis or an artifice by which the couple come suddenly to realize that they have hearts as well as heads, and can coo as well as slang. The devisers of this film, as if at a desperate loss for a fresh device, strand their couple in the wilds at the cottage of a poor labourer whose wife is about to have the fourth of her children. Ray Milland is fortunately a doctor. Can Loretta Young at this juncture prove herself something better than a luxurious minx with a nimble tongue? Can she? Before the doctor has reached the top of the bedroom stairs, Loretta is feeding and washing those three kids and boiling gallons of water in readiness for the newcomer. We are not spared groans from the upper chamber. I am the least squeamish of filmgoers, but I submit to Hollywood that that is not a note which should be heard in high comedy.

The film at the Empire, *The Girl in the News*, does far more than pass : it triumphs. It is, in its way, a little masterpiece. It is English, and it has been sprung upon us without fuss or fanfare. No preliminary sarong has been waved. No one has typed pages of wasteful foolscap to tell me wherein this murder mystery differs from all other murder mysteries, and no one appears to have reckoned the exact number of hair styles and costume changes imposed upon the ladies in the case. The film gives a simple, spare, cool, reasonable and highly exciting account of how a young nurse is accused of poisoning her patient with an overdose of sleeping draught, is discharged after trial, and is then charged again for another murder in similar circumstances. The neat originality of the business lies in the fact that the second of the murders springs logically and naturally out of the first, which was really a suicide. In the second affair, a lady and her butler, eager to poison the lady's invalid husband, engage the exonerated nurse to look after him and, when the husband dies shortly afterwards, pretend never to have read any newspapers. They have reckoned, however, without an astute young defending counsel who displays miracles of inductive and deductive reasoning both between and during the two trials, and who—I hesitate to have to admit it in connexion with so fresh and excellent a film—loves the scapegoat little nurse. She is nicely played by Margaret Lockwood, gallantly defended by Barry K. Barnes, and diabolically scapegoated by Margareta Scott and Emlyn Williams. This film has been made by Carol Reed, whose name I shall strive to remember.

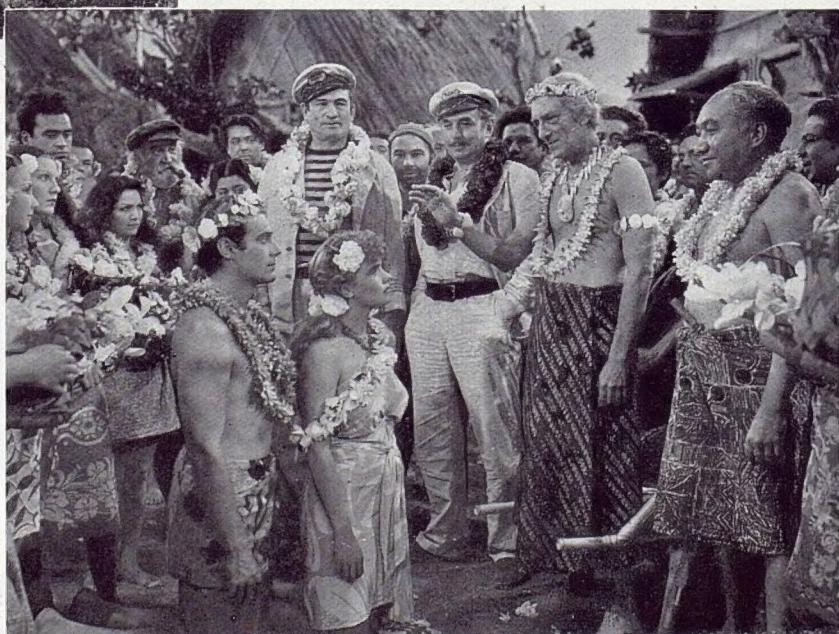


OLYMPÉE BRADNA IN
"SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO"

As Malia, the native girl in this exciting tale of a Pacific isle, treasure, and a shipload of desperate men who once set sail in search of pearls in the South Pacific, and all died before they found them. The film started at the London Pavilion on September 23

wood tomorrow afternoon. Neither must you leave your windows unpolished because it is just possible that in the morning there may be none to polish. The point is the need for carrying on. And it is in this respect—always, as I say, from the Hollywood angle, which is the only angle I have any business with—that I am lost in admiration of America.

Not only is that unflinching country sending us more films than we can possibly find time



MORE FROM "SOUTH OF PAGO-PAGO"

Kehane, son of the island chief (Jon Hall), and Ruby Taylor (Frances Farmer) kneel before the Chief of Manoa (Pedro de Cordoba) to receive his blessings on their forthcoming marriage. Bucko Larsen (Victor McLaglen) and Williams (Douglass Dumbrille) and some other baddish men look on

**FALSELY
ACCUSED
OF ONE
MURDER
AND
“FRAMED”
FOR
ANOTHER:
“THE GIRL
IN THE
NEWS”**



EMLYN WILLIAMS AS THE INFAMOUS TRACY, THE REAL KILLER

The fine court scene in this exciting film. Tracy, wanting to get rid of one Bentley, conceives the idea of fastening the crime on to innocent Anne Graham (Margaret Lockwood), who has been tried and acquitted of a very similar murder



BASIL RADFORD, AS DR. TREADGROVE, IN THE BOX

The short story of this murder thriller, which started on the 20th at the Empire, is a cleverly contrived story all about an impious man named Tracy (Emlyn Williams), who is a butler having an intrigue with his master's wife, and who murders him with a drug called Somenol. He uses this because Anne Graham (Margaret Lockwood), employed as a nurse in the household, has just been acquitted on a murder charge in which the self-same drug was used, and he thinks it a prime chance of getting her hanged for his own crime. Luckily, black as things look, Anne has a very clever counsel (Barry K. Barnes), who is seen giving the wicked Tracy an appropriate grilling in the court scene in the top picture. Murder will out, and we are left with the comfortable assurance that Tracy will eventually be hanged by the neck until he is dead. Margaretta Scott plays the wicked woman, the murdered man's wife, who probably was *particeps criminis*.

(ON RIGHT) BETTY JARDINE AS ELSIE, AND KATHLEEN HARRISON AS THE COOK



BARRY K. BARNES, COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE, MARGARET LOCKWOOD, THE ACCUSED GIRL, AND ROGER LIVESEY AS THE MAN FROM “THE YARD”



SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

“The Tatler” in Town and Country

By BRIDGET CHETWYND

Outpost of Entertaining

AT a moment when social life is in danger of dwindling to the uneasy consumption of sandwiches underground, the Overseas League Welfare Committee carries on with its job of



Harlip

CAPTAIN AND MRS. DAVID NIVEN

The wedding took place at St. Nicholas Church, Huish, near Marlborough, of Captain David Niven, son of the late General W. G. Niven, of the Highland Light Infantry, and of the late Lady Comyn-Platt, and Miss Primula Rollo, an officer in the W.A.A.F., the daughter of Flight Lieut. William Rollo, M.C., and Lady Kathleen Rollo, of Cold Blow, Huish.

cheering up people from abroad, and, in the process, many who remain in London as well. Sir Jocelyn Lucas, the lively chairman, has a new appointment. He is now Liaison Officer, Dominion Forces, besides being M.P. for Portsmouth South, strenuously active auxiliary fireman several nights a week, and Master of the Aldenham Harriers. His wife used to be Lady Kekewich of Peamore, in Devonshire, and was a well-known beauty down there and on the Riviera. Also in London, of course, where she continues to help her husband in spite of the bombs.

The club was founded by Sir Evelyn Wrench, and Mr. Eric Rice is secretary, helped by Mr. Philip Crawshaw, who goes about wrinkling his forehead over the tops of people's heads, being six-foot five.

Dutch Luncheon

LAST week's star fixture of the Welfare Committee was a luncheon to representatives of the Dutch Forces over here. H.R.H. Prince Bernhard came, which was very exciting for everyone. He speaks perfect English, and has an excellent smile. Still, nothing spares people from the current patronage of cellars: he told me that he escorts Queen Wilhelmina to the ones at Claridge's every night.

Baron van Asbeck, on the staff, is a Captain in the Dutch Navy, whose uniform, and system of stripes, seems to be the same as ours, except for a rope-entangled anchor which appears on the lapel. Many of the members of the Dutch Services appeared in civilian clothes, because their hotel had been bombed the night before. Sad stories of being on the pavement in pyjamas. Also of lack of news from home: wives and families can only communicate *via* other countries. One sailor had heard from his wife through Persia—such roundabouts must reduce the speed of news to the old stage-coach and sailing-boat average.

Sir Jocelyn Lucas made a speech as chairman, and Sir Edward Campbell spoke in Dutch. He was for some time British Vice-Consul in Java, and both he and his wife, who was also at the luncheon, speak the language well. He is now Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Kingsley Wood. The only other speech was from the Dutch Minister of Defence, delivered first in



Clapperton
LADY REAY AND HER CHILDREN AT A RED CROSS FÊTE

This entertainment in aid of the fund which we all support was held at Muirhouselaw, St. Boswells, and was productive of satisfactory results. Lady Reay was formerly Miss Charlotte Younger, and the two children are the Master of Reay and the Hon. Elizabeth Mackay

Dutch and then kindly translated. Needless to say, there was the usual British situation of all the guests knowing our language and hardly any of us knowing theirs.

There was an adroitly-picked representative bunch of M.P.s—Mr. Geoffrey



MR. AND MRS. RODERIC THESIGER

Miss Mary Rose Charteris, youngest daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris, of Oxford Square, and cousin of the Earl of Wemyss, was married at St. Peter's Church, Vere Street, W., to 2nd Lieut. Roderic Miles Doughty Thesiger, Welsh Guards, youngest son of the late Hon. Wilfred Thesiger, and of Mrs. Reginald Astley, of The Milebrook, Bucknell, Shropshire. Other pictures of the wedding and guests appear on another page

Shakespeare, formerly at the Admiralty and now in charge of the Children's Overseas Evacuation Scheme; Sir Percy Harris, Chief Liberal Whip; Mr. Tom Williams, off the Labour Front Bench; Mr. Richard Law from the War Office; Mr. Wakefield, International Rugby player, from the Air Ministry, and others. Delightful Admiral Muselier, who is always smiling, turned up for France, and Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold upheld diplomacy. General van der Spuy was smart in the uniform of South Africa.

General Buchanan, head of the Eastern Command Army Welfare organisation, said how much he used to hate the Press, but doesn't any longer. Perhaps it is an inhibition on the wane generally. One is apt to get ideas of things *via* Hollywood, where the Press is permanently in shirt-sleeves and eye-shades,

(Continued on page 10)



PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCH
Lady O'Neill arranges the bridal veil for her sister, Miss Mary Rose Charteris, before her marriage to Mr. Roderic Thesiger



**THE COUNTESS OF PLYMOUTH
AND MR. T. LOWREY**

The reception was held at Hyde Park Gardens, which was lent by the Countess of Plymouth, aunt of the bride, who came to London from Wales for the occasion



LEAVING OXFORD SQUARE

The Hon. Guy Charteris is seen leaving his house in Oxford Square with his daughter *en route* for St. Peter's Church, Vere Street, where the wedding ceremony took place

AT THE THESIGER— CHARTERIS WEDDING

(BELOW) LADY MARY STRICKLAND
Another aunt of the bride at the reception, formerly Lady Mary Charteris, who is the widow of Mr. Algernon Strickland, of Apperley Court, Tewkesbury



LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH AND SIR EDWARD MARSH
Sir Edward Marsh made one of his rare appearances at a wedding and is more often seen at first nights (in the days when they existed!). He is talking to the bride's aunt, who married the Hon. Herbert Asquith, eldest son of the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith, Prime Minister during the first two years of the last war



WEDDING GUESTS
(ABOVE) Mr. Eric Hatry with Princess Natasha Bagration, a cousin of the Duchess of Kent

(BELOW) Captain B. P. Doughty-Wylie, P/O. T. A. Vigors, recently awarded the D.F.C., and Mr. Michael Pitt-Rivers, Welsh Guards



SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT—continued

acting tough. Whereas in real life it consists of charming people like Mr. Vernon Bartlett, who was there. Only, of course, he is an M.P. and a broadcaster and probably lots of other things as well.

Fashionable Battle Front

A MONG considerable obstacles, we roamed the smart restaurant area looking for Sunday lunch. Streets were roped off here,

the English Sunday. Nice being able to get in at three. There was an amusing moment—the film was that excellent one, *I Was an Adventuress*, with Zorina, Eric von Stroheim and Peter Lorre being very funny, and Richard Greene. Peter Lorre is a pickpocket when not being crooked in a bigger way, and has an opportunity to strip Richard Greene, who presently discovers what has happened to him, and is seen feverishly exploring his emptied pockets. This moment coincided with the end of an air raid, and the magic words "All Clear" appeared on the screen to give the audience a nice little laugh by accident.

The former Lady Mary Lygon was there with her husband, Prince Vsevolode Joannovitch; also Lady Helen and Mr. Edward Jessel. Others met in the bars and streets were Miss Bobbie Greenish, looking very attractive in the trousers, tunic and peaked cap of the L.A.A.S.—she has been and is desperately busy, and had hardly sat down for a moment before she had to rush off with her ambulance in answer to another warning—Colonel Ivan Davson, and Mr. Tony Wheeler, who married Lady Bertha Dawkins' daughter, who is now refuge at Worplesdon, which he reports as quiet.



RACING AT MUSSELBURGH

At Edinburgh's very successful autumn race meeting, Service uniforms were seen on all sides. A group discussing the form includes (l. to r.) Miss Elizabeth Hanno, Captain Cruden, who is in a famous Lowland regiment, Mrs. Cruden and Miss Greig

débris was grouped surreally there. Culmination was the Meurice, formerly Quaglino's, which had been bombed the night before. In spite of that the doors were open, and drinks being served in the little bar near the entrance. Marino Pratesi, the new manager, who was for twenty-five years at the Carlton, greeted us in an overall, and presently showed us round.

The bomb fell at the back, did considerable damage to the apartments upstairs, and certainly made a mess of the restaurant. Miraculously, no one was even hurt, except the cloakroom attendant, who got a cut on the head. Most of the lovely mirrors in the restaurant were smashed, but the wire netting over them held back the bulk of the splinters. The nasty dustiness of brick and plaster sullenly encroached on the shiny floor. We met Van Straten, the band leader, who had quickly moved to the undamaged end of the building and continued to play. Upstairs, glossy pastel-coloured bathrooms and satin bedspreads rooms were distinguishable under layers of dust, broken glass and the decayed-looking chunks we are growing familiar with under the heading of "débris." The kitchens were untouched, and the under-ground grill-room had only a small hole in the end wall. Signor Pratesi told us that this room is to be reinforced and opened almost at once as a dug-out restaurant. He was as cheerful and enthusiastic as could be.

Sunday Afternoon

HAVING eventually succeeded in lunching, we went to a cinema on account of the rain, which was being rather typical of



ON THE STEPS OF THE RITZ

Mrs. Richard Jessel and her son, David Charles George Jessel, were snapped just outside the Ritz. Though only sixteen years old, David is half a head taller than his mother, who looks very neat indeed in her uniform. Mrs. Jessel married Sir George Jessel's brother in 1923, and was the second daughter of Sir George Graham Lewis



ALSO AT THE MUSSELBURGH

Women in Service uniform also predominated at this popular meeting. From l. to r. are seen Lady Margaret Egerton, the youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, and sister of Viscount Brackley, now a prisoner of war in Germany; Miss Sprott, and Company Commander Miss Whitelaw

Music

CONSTANT LAMBERT was on top of a bus the other morning. His last show in London was at a Red Cross concert at Queen's Hall, with William Walton, Eileen Joyce, Dr. Malcolm Sargent and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Eileen Joyce wore the usual bow in her hair, and looked very young and petite for someone who plays with what has been described as "masculine virility."

Constant Lambert's own composition, "Horoscope," was considered good training for the air raids. I first saw it done by the ballet at Sadler's Wells, which was very enjoyable: I like lots of colour and movement combined with noise, and it conveyed a most exciting impression of the thunder and glory of the skies, peopled by live and temperamental Zodiac beings. There is plenty of scope for ballet in our new night sky of bangs and flashes, flares and streamers of light, hide-and-seek of balloons and clouds and planes. Elaborated by parachute descents in costume (nuns and parsons and perhaps a few pierrots and pierrettes,

(Continued on page 32)

Leicestershire

HUNTING is very much in the background now; most of the hunting people are doing canteen work, driving, nursing and so on, and all the hunting-boxes are occupied by the Army. Lord Daresbury has taken on the Belvoir again, but he is in the Army, and it won't amount to much more than just keeping down the foxes—and perhaps providing the military with a bit of spare-time exercise. Lady Daresbury, who was Joyce Laycock, was one of the best women point-to-point riders in the country until the war interfered. She has an attractive young son called Edward, and they live near Melton Mowbray.

People with hunting stables, and trainers, are hard hit. Lionel Elwell, who used to train Lord Bicester's horses, and has himself ridden a good deal as an amateur, is now a platoon officer in the Home Guard in the Melton neighbourhood. He is a brother-in-law of George Beeby, that famous trainer.



THE HON. MRS. ROBERT O'BRIEN AND FAMILY

Lord Decies' elder daughter, the former Hon. Eileen De La Poer Beresford, married Captain Robert O'Brien in 1931, and their three children in the wheelbarrow are Maureen, Shelagh and Michael



A NEW IDEA FOR AN AIR-RAID SHELTER

Another snapshot in Captain and the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien's charming garden at their house "somewhere in Berkshire." Captain O'Brien is in a London Irish Territorial regiment

BARROW, BARRELS AND BIKES



FATIGUE PARTY RETURNING FROM A SHOPPING FORAY

Lord Decies, the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien's father, is now a Home Guard, but in earlier times he was a very well-known officer in the 7th Hussars and about their best amateur jockey. This was round about the days when the late Lord Haig was in the regiment and in those piping times of peace when life in a cavalry regiment was life



Photos.: Swaebe

A BIT OF LUMBER-JACKING

At least, that is the allegation; but chopping down a tree is usually a thoroughly good job for some rough and tough man. Mrs. O'Brien's two assistants are Michael and Maureen

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

Story of Youth

If you haven't got a happy childhood and youth to look back upon, memory, in the quiet watches of the fireside, loses half its loveliness. I know, because I was not really a happy child and my youth was definitely unpleasant. I suppose it was my nature, not my fault. Certainly not anybody else's. I lived in the depths of the country—where all childhood should be spent. I grew up in the same surroundings. But I never want to be young all over again, and it was forty years before I revisited the country town of my schooldays. Even so, I felt neither a thrill of joy, nor of regret.



MR. AND MRS. LESLIE BANKS WAR-WORKING IN OXFORD
The famous film and stage star and his wife have taken a flat in Oxford and are helping in the transport of evacuees from the coastal and London districts. In his Oxford days Leslie Banks was up at Keble, where he got a classical scholarship. His first appearance on the stage was in 1911, and the films claimed him in 1932. The rest is history

I was merely curious to discover my reactions to familiar places and familiar scenes. All the same, I realise now that a happy childhood and a happy youth, next to good health, is one of the nicest presents which life can give you. But reminiscences of youth can easily provide a horrid snare for those who must perchance listen. Like men and women relating to you the full story of their lives, out of which, usually, they are the only people who derive pleasure. Indeed, it is very rare to meet anybody who can make the story of their lives sound exciting and enchanting. For the simple reason, they leave all the interesting psychological tit-bits out altogether. So we are left not with a picture, but mostly with a self-decorated dummy.

As a matter of fact, to tell the story of one's life is the most difficult story to tell

of all. If it isn't, if it becomes simply a glib recital, there isn't much of a story to tell as a rule. One is apt too easily to dramatise the past. Either that, or beautify it out of all recognition. Most things which are well over have either a halo or a drama tacked on to them. Very few people can be made to talk of the incidents which mattered most. Or see them in emotional detachment, perhaps the most difficult feat of all. Which often makes of reminiscences either the dullest or the most delightful form of literature. Certainly reminiscences of youth are either one or definitely the other. That is why the first few chapters of anybody's memoirs are almost invariably skipped.

But you can't thus skip Mr. James Barke's autobiography of boyhood, "The Green Hills Far Away" (Collins; 10s. 6d.), because the story comes to an end some years before he became a man. So it has to stand simply as the reminiscences of a happy childhood, and as such it is quite charming without, it must be confessed, at the same time being in the least psychologically illuminating on the question of child mentality. It must have been a very happy childhood, because this is a very happy book of memories. How could it well be otherwise, with good, sympathetic parents, companionship and the background of a Scottish countryside and farm. In those days, too—although the author is only writing of a little over thirty years ago—people in country places knew each other better than, perhaps, they do nowadays, when spare time is mostly spent in the nearest town, and young people, more than ever before, wander far and wide in search of new experiences and a hopeful living. Even such a

little time ago, country places were full of elderly characters, which now are merely full of types.

THIS book is full of descriptions of such local characters and they are most entertaining. Moreover, the book is divided into short sections, each bearing its appropriate title. So that if you are not interested (though you will be, such is the delightful way Mr. Barke writes) in "Camping Out" or "Pink Feet," you can turn to "Blood Sport" and the life-story of Mr. John Weir, M.A., who was the schoolmaster of Tulliallan School, at which the author was educated. Especially charming are his memories of all that most interested him as a child—the beauty of the surrounding scenery,

By RICHARD KING

birds, woods, the silence of night and the ever-unfolding mysteries which thrill a young boy first beginning to understand the world which is to be his home. Naturally, too, religion and the idea of God play a large part in this unfolding. Especially the idea of God.

"My idea of God," he writes, "was of another father not unlike my own—the Heavenly Father. But it was also something irrational and dehumanised. God was everything I didn't know and couldn't explain. And of all inexplicable phenomena, darkness was perhaps the most profound and, potentially, the most frightening. God was darkness. So I watched God creep from bush to bush, take cover behind clumps of blueberries, stoop down into the hollows and advance stealthily behind every tree. . . . My fear must have been communicated to my mother. She told the gamekeeper it was getting dark for the bairn. My father lifted me up and swung me on to his shoulder and we hurried down the forest path. As we came out above the Castle laundry I could see the soft daylight from the open parklands filtering through the thinning trees. I turned my head and looked backward into the forest. The shadows merged: God filled the forest. I felt the rough shaven cheek of my father and flung my arms tightly round his neck. This was my first experience of fear, a fear bordering on terror and related to God."

Well, I suppose every child has had this fear of God more or less. The effect, undoubtedly, of making God a human figure

(Continued on page 14)



LORD ELTON, NOW ON A RECRUITING JOB
If "Flossie" and the elkhound know—as, of course, they do—how well Master is doing his recruiting job in Oxford it is certain that they will approve. Lord Elton, who served with gallantry in the last war, is one of this country's best and best-beloved broadcasters. He lives at Headington, Oxford, and in earlier days was up at Balliol



DOGS IN FANCY DRESS

The Gymkhana and Dog Show at Longbridge Deverill, near Warminster, was held in aid of the Red Cross and Comforts for the Forces. Above are winning dogs and owners (L. to r.) Miss Lawson, Mrs. D. Patchett and her little girl, Derrianna, Miss Jemmett-Browne



WATCHING THE EVENTS

AT A WILTSHIRE GYMKHANA

There was a large entry for all the competitions, and enthusiasm ran high. Among the party of onlookers above are Col. R. H. Broome, Mrs. Bagshawe, Col. D. Hignett, Captain A. A. D. Tait, Mrs. Broome, Mrs. Tait, Major R. M. Millar, Miss Broome (mounted), Miss M. Millar and Miss Heather Glyn (in front)



MUSICAL CHAIRS FOR DOGS

Mrs. D. Patchett also entered a dog for the musical chairs, and is seen in a bit of a mix-up with Mrs. Archer-Shea and her Alsatian. When the music stopped, a place for the dogs on a sack (in place of a chair) had to be hurriedly found

(BELOW) LADY SUSAN SEYMOUR AND LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY IN A JUMPING CONTEST



WINNER OF MOUNTED MUSICAL CHAIRS

Miss Thalia Gordon, in her F.A.N.Y. uniform jacket and jodhpurs, went in for the mounted musical chairs event, and finished up the winner. She also had a dog competing in one of the canine events



(ON RIGHT)
MAJOR AND MRS.
LAKEMAN

She was the former Miss Joan Fry, well known in the lawn tennis world, and her husband a clever inventor, and at present, like so many other people, serving his King and country

Photos.: Bealing



WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

with unlimited power and penetration. Which proves once more that when one seeks to enlighten a child's mind one can never tell his reactions, how he will interpret your explanations. Personally, I always think it would be much better to explain God as an idea or an ideal, or merely as the inspiration of beauty in thought and conduct. I know it is so much easier to make Him the mixture of a super-policeman and a super-all-loving Father. But children are strangely logical, since they have no doubts. And the super-policeman figure nearly always overshadows the all-lovingness. This book of boyhood proves it once again. Thus it is interesting as the picture of a child's ever-advancing mind, but most interesting of all as the picture of a happy childhood spent amid the loveliness of Scottish mountains and dales.



THE AUTHOR OF "CHAD HANNA,"
AN AMERICAN BEST-SELLER

Walter D. Edmonds, whose new novel has just been published in England by Collins, who also did his other success, "All This and Heaven Too," "Chad Hanna" is a story of a foundling in the canal country, where Walter D. Edmonds himself was born, and Twentieth Century-Fox have just paid £12,500 for the film rights. Edmonds' other novel, "Drums Along the Mohawk," has been one of the film successes of this year

From "The Green Hills Far Away"

"A man cannot know his fellow-men till he has worked with them, fought with them, hated them, loved them, slept with them, sorrowed with them and endured with them. Even then there is something he will never know until he has drunk with them."

"A child trusts and distrusts the stranger intuitively and often with a sharp sense of discrimination."

"A landscape without trees is like a woman without breasts. Mountains can have a grandeur and enchantment such as trees can never have; a river can be noble and

sweep with an unsurpassed majesty to the sea . . . but the tree remains to enrich and adorn. It is the living tree that comes between man and the rock of the world."

"The modern tendency, especially among clever and intellectual writers, of fearing, above all other things, to be natural (which they confuse with sentimentality and triteness) has tended to corrupt many fine individuals and has obscured many truths."

"There never is any return. For the individual, life is a single-ticket journey towards the final terminus of the grave."

Back into the Past

MR. WARWICK DEEPING'S new novel, "The Man Who Went Back" (Cassell; 9s.), will not, I fancy, disappoint any of his admirers, although the scene is mostly laid in Roman Britain—where these same admirers should otherwise seem strangely alien. However, they need not worry; John Hallard is a typical Deeping hero and among his most attractive. Married to Lucy, he is involved in a serious motor accident, when, during his long period of unconsciousness, he is projected so far into the past that he wakes up in Britain during the Roman occupation. Moreover, he is not the same man, and the discovery is for him a terrible misfortune. In his twentieth-century manhood he was courageous and brave; now he is merely a lover and weak, haunted by the reputation of cowardice in battle, which he yearns to be given the opportunity of living down. The opportunity comes, of course, and triumphantly he displays his bravery. He had been good at



AN ACTRESS-NOVELIST

Before she made a reputation as a novelist, Noel Streatfeild was on the stage in, amongst other things, the *Insect Play*, with John Gielgud, and in some other plays opposite to Owen Nares. Her latest novel, "The Winter is Past," has just been published by Collins. Miss Streatfeild, who is a daughter of the late Bishop of Lewes, is doing hard A.R.P. work

boxing and football in his later reincarnation; now they stand him in good stead. He soon wields the spear and sword with the best of them. Once a fugitive, he quickly becomes the captain of a southern zone warring against the Saxons. His strategy overcomes his enemies, and by performing it he also overcomes the haughtiness of Meona, the lovely daughter of his lord. Indeed, he wins her love. Yet she does not guess his secret. Only this same lord, Aurelius Superbus, knows it and is sympathetic. Always his twentieth-century consciousness haunts him, not only in his love for Meona, but through the deeds of heroism, suffering and pain which fate calls upon him to endure.

His final tragedy precipitates him back again into modern life—and Lucy. Yet it does not bring him complete happiness. Memories of his dream come between him and his daily life—memories of Meona, memories of his triumphs on the field of battle. He is lonely and unhappy within himself. Only complete restoration of peace of mind comes when he resolves to continue his former career, though his fight this time is against the German invader, no longer the Saxon marauder. So by this you will see that Mr. Deeping's many readers will not be disappointed. Everything which makes the hero a lover and a man is here in full measure. They may even welcome the story as a kind of tract for the time in which we live. And being admirers, they will in no wise resent the interpolated moralising without which a Warwick Deeping story would not be complete. Here, then, is a thoroughly well-told novel which, though for me it missed something of reality, is interesting and readable from start to finish.

First-rate Murder Story

WHATEVER happens, tales of crime and detection still remain as popular as ever. Moreover, it seems to me that the quality has improved of late. In reality, it has never been easy to write a good detective-story, as some writers seemed to believe. And a second-rate detective-story, after a second-rate love-story, is of all tales the dreariest. So let me declare at once that in writing "A Deed Without a Name" (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 3d.), Dorothy Bowers has given us a crime novel of the first class. Indeed, it is so good that if, for example, you are already convinced that a certain character committed the crime, or even if you have looked at the end to find out, you will still read on undaunted. The story begins so quietly, however, that you would never believe how exciting eventually it will become. Chelsea is its background, and her hero one of those young men who, failing anything very dramatic in their lives, invent drama. Lots of people are inclined thus.

However, when drama really begins to surround him his reactions are astonishingly unexpected. Best of all, Miss Bowers sticks to her mystery. None of her detectives seems desperately trying to become fictionally world-famous. There are no suddenly inspired amateurs to detect where Scotland Yard has failed to tread. Moreover, the crime itself is both baffling and unusual. Even when she very nearly produces some familiar tricks, she manages to make them seem unfamiliar—so cleverly she evades the cliché in thought and circumstance. Indeed, I have seldom read a crime-story which simply forbade skipping. If you like stories of this kind here you have one among the best.



Anthony

"TOP OF THE WORLD"
PAT KIRKWOOD

Pat Kirkwood, who became a star at the first night of *Black Velvet*, is only nineteen years old. She was born in Manchester of parents who had no connection with the stage. Her chance came through the B.B.C., as she was heard on the air by a manager who offered her an engagement as principal girl in a pantomime in Cardiff. Later George Black engaged her for the Hippodrome, where she had an instantaneous success, and more recently for his new show at the Palladium, *Top of the World*, which opened just before the Battle of London started in earnest, and like most entertainments is biding its time for a more opportune moment. Pat Kirkwood was married in August to Jack Hylton's business manager, Mr. Jack Lister.



THE FAMILY GROUP AT BLENHEIM

At back: The Duchess of Marlborough with the new arrival (also see below), and the Marquess of Blandford, Lady Caroline, Lady Rosemary and Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill



LORD CHARLES SPENCER-CHURCHILL AND HIS MOTHER

THE YOUNGEST CADET OF THE
HOUSE OF CHURCHILL
WITH THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH
AND HER OTHER CHILDREN





Photos.: A. V. Swaebe

A STATE RECEPTION FROM THE HISTORICAL AND MAGNIFICENT COT

Left to right: Lord Blandford, Lady Rosemary, Lady Caroline and Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, who were accorded an audience by the gentleman in the cot, which has been used by all the Dukes of Marlborough

The latest addition to the illustrious house was born early in July and christened Charles George William Colin, and is the second son of a family the greatest of whose members won one great war for us and of which another member is leading this Empire to victory in the most serious war in its history. Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill, so it was rumoured, was to have had Winston as one of his names, but this did not eventuate. He was christened at the Woodstock church of St. Mary Magdalene and was honoured by having the Duke of Kent as a godfather, the other godparents being Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Lieut.-Comdr. Colin Buist,

Mrs. Winston Churchill and the Hon. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie. The Duke of Marlborough's mother is a daughter of the late William Kissam Vanderbilt. The Duchess of Marlborough is one of the charming daughters of the late Viscount Chelsea, who was the eldest son of the fifth Lord Cadogan, and her sisters are Lady Stanley, Lady Hillingdon, the Hon. Lady de Trafford and the Hon. Mrs. Gilmour. The young Marquess of Blandford is still at Eton, where his father was before him and many members of the family have also been. One exception to this rule is the Prime Minister, who is an old Harrovian



A VIEW OF THE OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE. MRS. GORDON MOORE AND HER DAUGHTER IN THE FOREGROUND

Tradition has it that Queen Elizabeth, taking a fancy to the picturesque exterior of the inn at Hedsor Wharf, on the Thames, stopped her coach and quaffed a glass of mead! Dr. Gordon Moore bought the house in 1925 from Lord Boston. Mrs. Gordon Moore is a well-known charity and social organiser and does much of her work at Hedsor Wharf, where she has her own work sanctum. She is at present particularly engaged with work for the Margaret Fund for the Y.M.C.A., of which she is President for all England; Princess Margaret was the first contributor to the Fund, and the Queen is taking a great interest in its progress. Three canteens have already been purchased; the first was completed and on the road on August 21, Princess Margaret's birthday. Mrs. Gordon Moore was recently created Dame of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Peggy, her daughter, who was Lady-in-Waiting to H.H. Princess Marie Louise, and accompanied her to South Africa in 1938, is doing secretarial work at the South Bucks Home Guard headquarters



MISS PEGGY GORDON MOORE IN A CORNER OF HEDSOR'S LOVELY GARDEN

HISTORIC HEDSOR WHARF, NOW A HIVE OF WAR ACTIVITY



MRS. GORDON MOORE BUSY AT WORK ON THE Y.M.C.A. "MARGARET FUND"



Tunbridge-Sedgwick
DR. GORDON MOORE, A PHYSICIAN-IN-ORDINARY TO PRINCESS BEATRICE,
WITH HIS DAUGHTER PEGGY AND HER PEKE



Howard Coster

PROMOTION FOR THE DIRECTOR OF AIR OPERATIONS

Air Commodore Donald Stevenson, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., A.D.C., who has been acting Air Commodore for the last two years, has now been confirmed in the substantive rank. He has done excellent work at the Air Ministry as Director of Operations (Home) during all the time he has been there. Air Commodore D. F. Stevenson was appointed Air Aide-de-Camp to the King in 1939. In his previous appointment he was Senior Air Staff Officer in Palestine during the Rebellion in 1937. He joined the Royal Flying Corps in 1916, and has since commanded Nos. 5, 6, 12 and 35 Squadrons of the Royal Air Force. He has attended the Staff Colleges at Andover, Greenwich and Imperial Defence College. He married Miss Janet Mary Henson, a cousin of Lord Terrington, and has one daughter and a son, who recently left Cranwell for a Fighter Squadron.

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

THE word "reprisal" appears to stick in the gullets of some people, so why not substitute the more direct word "punishment"? It is the only thing that a certain mentality understands. Punishment would seem to be called for in this recent and most cowardly German crime. It is more cold-blooded than even the *Lusitania* incident. The present addresses of the O.C. directing German air operations and of the Other Person, under whose direct orders he is acting, would be very useful information, so that they could



MASTERS AND HUNT SERVANTS IN A HORSED CAVALRY UNIT

No better material for horsed cavalry could be found than in the hunting world, and here is some of it "somewhere." Captain Field-Marsham, M.F.H., used to be in the Bays, and Major Lord Fingall was a 17th Lancer

The complete list is: (l. to r.) Tprs. Gillson (huntsman, the Warwickshire), Kirkby (huntsman, the Tickham), Boyle (1st whip, Warwickshire), Captain R. E. Field-Marsham (joint-M.F.H., the Bicester), Lee-Cpl. Buckle (2nd whip, Bicester), Major Lord Fingall (joint-Master, Ward Union), Tpr. Poole (1st whip, Bridgwater), and Tpr. Piper (2nd whip, Dartmoor)

be given a heavy dose of their own medicine. It is the only form of retort which they will understand, and I am absolutely certain that neither of them has the guts to take it.

A book that will probably be read by millions of people the world over, as soon as its existence becomes sufficiently widely known, is "De Gaulle's France and the Key to the Coming Invasion of Germany," by James Marlow (Simpkin Marshall, Ltd.). It is a short book, packed full of interest to everyone who is any kind of student of the most absorbing problem of this or any other epoch in the whole history of the world, and I feel sure will be read by even those whose education in military history is of the scantiest. General de Gaulle, as is common knowledge, was a violent opponent of Gamelin's "static defence" theory, and for that reason he was not in favour; but as Gamelin's belief in a wall built only half-way across a main highway has been blown sky-high, and the German military alchemists have proved how right the de Gaulle theory was, and is, it is a sheer waste of words talking about spilt milk. Words will not mop it up—not even the very plain words which say that we are, in fact, as much to blame as the Gamelin school

for not having made certain that this much-advertised "impregnable" Maginot Line was no better than any other chain whose strength is only that of its weakest link. "No one had any right to presume that the Belgian defence line on the Albert Canal would constitute a stop-gap for the left of the French "impregnable" fortifications, which offered a gaping hole from, roughly speaking, Lille to the west coast.

DE GAULLE scoffed at all this. He said—and that is why he was turned down—that, for the coming campaign, an offensive army was necessary, and to quote his own words: "A lightning-like army with terrific punch that could be well into Germany before the Germans got started . . . an army, small but mobile, consisting of tanks, motorised infantry and artillery, and a superior air force. . . ." All this was possible before France succumbed to her "Quislings." All this is still more than possible. In

this book De Gaulle's very able Boswell naturally cannot tell us what that astute General's concrete plan is, because De Gaulle himself does not do so. All that he has

done is to point to the hard fact of enemy dispersion and the already preponderating naval supremacy of Great Britain; likewise to the disclosed fact

of its hourly increasing might. In point of fact, I take it that what De Gaulle is trying to tell us to do is something which was quite humbly suggested in these notes a little while ago—namely, to re-read very carefully Xerxes' campaign in Thrace which virtually terminated with Salamis, a rather well-known naval engagement. Not being a fool, De Gaulle does not minimise the great difficulties of the land operations which are before us. Obviously he knows his Napoleon backwards and has carefully memorised one of the famous "Maximes de Guerre." It is this one: "*The transition from the defensive to the offensive is one of the most delicate operations in war.*" Napoleon said "delicate," not "impossible."

CONGRATULATIONS to No. 2 gun, No. Blank A.-A. Battery, R.A., upon as quick a bit of shooting as has yet been done in this war. Within less than two minutes of the warning this battery opened, and with the second round got its bird. It was made all the better by the fact that this hit was scored in the half-light just before 8 p.m. (G.M.T. 7 p.m.), and so I hope this small congratulatory note from an eye-witness will find its way to the right address. All the A.-A. batteries, as we gratefully acknowledge, have been making magnificent practice, and the good light which has prevailed for the most part may be a contributory cause. Atmosphere, light and temperature often make a big difference to the rifleman, and this may apply in the case of guns also, but I do not know for sure. Shooting in their own light and atmosphere certainly helped those fine performers the Boers in that rifle scrap of many years ago, especially at the extreme ranges. I was once very much amused by a small show-off who, writing from Quebec, said that the Boers were bad shots. He tried to make us believe that he knew from personal experience. I gather that this "gent." has now changed his address from Quebec to the Heights of Abrahamstead.



OFFICERS AT A TRAINING CENTRE OF THE "BLANKSHIRES"

And every one of them there, as well as elsewhere, very much corned-up and longing for the day when they can start on that job about which Sir Alan Brooke spoke the other day—chucking the Hogs into the sea

Names: (l. to r.) Lieuts. P. K. Hopkins, R. J. Milbank, E. C. Shaw, 2nd Lieut. F. H. B. Boshell, Lieut. C. C. MacCallum-Stewart, 2nd Lieut. F. P. Laws, Lieut. A. W. Quinton and Lieut. F. W. Hulse; (second row) 2nd Lieuts. W. H. Hewlett, M. F. Anstey, C. H. Schofield, Lieut. H. St. L. Skinner, 2nd Lieut. P. W. A. Pelly, Lieut. A. C. Rees, Rev. O. K. Ferguson, C.F., Lieut. G. H. May and 2nd Lieut. F. Myatt; (sitting) Captain W. J. T. Savary, Captain H. H. R. Hilliard, Major T. E. Bryan, M.B.E., Major J. H. Sugrue, Lieut.-Col. A. D. Gordon, D.S.O., M.C., Officer Commanding Battalion, Majors D. C. S. Sinclair, H. Saville, D.C.M., M.C., R. J. Hunt, T.D., Captain H. W. Crowe

Stuart



AT THE CURRAGH: MR. TERENCE GRAY AND LADY NELSON

Watching the favourite, "Black Toni," getting beaten in the big race. Mr. Terence Gray is the son of Sir Harold Gray, and Lady Nelson wife of another famous owner



TWO MORE IRISH RACING CELEBS.

Senator J. J. Parkinson, who has trained over two thousand winners, with Lord Glentoran, whose "Rose Garland" won at this meeting



Poole, Dublin
TWO CHARMING HUNTING PERSONALITIES

Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, who is well known with the Kildare Hounds, and Mrs. Lennox-Livingstone-Learmonth, acting Master of the Duhallo



AT MUSSELBURGH, EDINBORO' WAY

Lady Rosebery with Jack Jarvis, the renowned trainer, and E. Smith, who rode Lord Rosebery's hot favourite, "Nimrod," in the Levenhall Plate, and got beaten a length by "Formamint," the second favourite. "Nimrod" started at 5-to-4 on

AT THE IRISH LEGER, AND WHO WAS WHO AT MUSSELBURGH

(BELOW)

MR. AND MRS. PETER PITMAN
Like any other meeting in these bloody-minded times, the Musselburgh gallery was fair pitted with uniforms



THE NAVY ALSO SHOWED UP AT MUSSELBURGH

Commander and Mrs. Lilley and Miss E. Crookshank obviously listening intently to what someone has told the Commander someone else has told him is already home and dry—at least, that is what this kind of picture usually suggests

WITH THE FLEET AIR ARM—No. 7



A TORPEDO ON THE BUST—BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY BEUTTLER

It is the custom to carry these dangerous missiles about the ship on trolleys, and if the ocean makes the vessel give a sudden lurch it is easy to understand how quickly a torpedo may take charge and run amok! The talented artist depicts the anguish caused when anything like that happens on the flying-deck of an aircraft-carrier. Torpedoes of the 21-in. class displayed in the exciting picture are carried by 'planes of the "Swordfish" type, and the method employed to hurl them at the enemy is for the 'plane to swoop down to within a few feet of the surface with its head dead on the target. Some of these sinister tin fish have a range of four miles and they can hit up something like 40 knots, which is very nice going!



Have a glass of GUINNESS when you're TIRED

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Response

PHYSICS (but not the kind you hold your nose and drink quickly) change with the times, and our ideas of the universe and the way it works have to be freshened up occasionally. But it remains true that to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction, and that this has a bearing on the way of the air war. When the Germans, after being given some considerable knocks when they came by day, began to come by night over London, and to indulge in random bombing when they found that clouds obscured their targets, the problem of finding them and fighting them seemed insoluble. But it was not and is not. There was the equal and opposite reaction, and perhaps, by the time these words appear, it will have made itself felt.

But it is not so much with this particular side of the eternal balance of war that I

Ideas

ALL kinds of strange ideas were put forward, examined, rejected, re-cast, developed, discarded, modified, and—occasionally—put into effect. People with inventive brains came slowly to the boil. Navy, Army and Air Force officers and men sharpened their wits. It had at last been decided that this country would show a few samples of the kind of stuff it had in it. I think the first "secret" weapon we launched received its first mention in the United States Press, but, in any event, I am not going to talk about that here. The point I want to make is simply that there is in this country a great deal of scientific skill and experience and a great deal of research ability. In peace, all this ability was concentrated on tasks of peace. We were not, over here, building up horrors or planning war aviation under the cloak of civil aviation. We were honestly hoping that civil aviation would remain civil, and that, in the not very distant future, war aviation would fade away altogether.

The only reason—as I am never tired of explaining—that we had the best military machines when war broke out was that we had gone in for certain air sporting events, namely the Schneider Trophy races, which gave us the "Spitfire," world's fastest and best fighter, and the long-distance record, which gave us geodetic construction and the "Wellington," greatest weight-carrier among all the bombers. If we had not gone in for those events, we should have been behind in military machines, though far in front with civil ones.



ALSO WITH THE FERRY PILOTS
THE AIR TRANSPORT AUXILIARY

Captain Norman Edgar, who is in charge of the disposition of the pilots who fly the planes from the factories to the air-fields. With Captain Edgar is Mr. Frank Miller, an American pilot from Texas

want to deal, as with the more fundamental side concerned with the workings of the brains of those in Great Britain and in Germany who plan and invent. No one can question that we are pitifully slow starters. At first it was Germany who had all the new ideas, all the novel strategems, all the secret weapons, all the ingenious tactics. But during that period it was clear to those with an understanding of the psychology of nations that Great Britain was "winding up," or going through the sort of process, as strange as it is recondite, which is adopted by the pitcher in baseball.



SIR ANTHONY LINDSAY-HOGG WITH THE FERRY PILOTS

A snapshot taken whilst actually on the air road to collect a plane from a factory. This ferry service is not R.A.F., but a most valuable adjunct, as need hardly be said. Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg is doing a good job as air taxi-driver

Women

Aword now for the women, who have stood up to aerial bombardment so well. Not only have they carried on, but they have also contrived to look bright and cheerful when doing it. It is difficult, after a night punctuated by crumps and crashes, to get up and look like anything other than something out of the dust-bin. But the women do it. Near to me, three houses were demolished by direct hits. When I looked out at them in the morning I saw, three doors away from the nearest, a housemaid in fresh apron and uniform, looking as if she had never lost a wink of sleep in her life.

Controversies

THREE was first of all the controversy about whether a German aeroplane could be distinguished from a British by sound alone. I don't yet know if it has been finally settled, though very early in the proceedings I gave it as my view that no distinction could be made by sound alone. (We use twin-engined fighters at night, so the famous "beat" may be heard in both friendly and in hostile machines.) Then there was the "smoke-writing" controversy.

Reports came in that the German aircraft were smoke-writing, either to provide themselves with cover, or else to signal to their other machines as to the point of attack. I have even seen a statement that a squadron of German aircraft spent a morning filling up holes in the clouds by means of this "smoke-writing." I have pointed out a good many times that the "smoke" is actually condensation resulting from the swift passage through super-cooled air of the machine. The "smoke"—or, in other words, water-vapour—may appear to come from the airscrews or from the wing-tips. But it is always the same when seen high. It is not mistakeable for exhaust smoke, and not usually so white in colour. So let us try to settle these controversies by the facts as we know them and not build up fantasies about what the Germans are doing.



TWO FAMOUS AMERICANS SERVING IN OUR A.T.A.

Ken Kleaver, the star American pilot, who has had seventeen years' experience in his own land and hails from California, with Earl Ortman, the American air-racing pilot from New York. The ferry pilots in this important service hail from many lands—Canada, America, Poland, Spain and elsewhere



Why Ovaltine is the Best "STAND-BY" Food Beverage

The Cup that Cheers
in any emergency

THE same outstanding advantages and supreme quality which have for many years past firmly established 'Ovaltine' as the world's most widely-used tonic food, make it the best "stand-by" for all war-time emergencies.

★ *The unique advantages of Ovaltine.*

Scientifically prepared from Nature's finest protective and restorative foods, 'Ovaltine' is, in itself, a complete and perfectly balanced food. It provides a wealth of nourishment to every cell and tissue of body, brain and nerves. 'Ovaltine' alone will sustain health, strength and stamina over prolonged periods.

★ *Its pre-eminent nerve-restoring properties.*

'Ovaltine' is outstanding as a restorative of the nervous system. Obviously no food beverage can be nerve-restoring and nerve-sustaining unless it has nerve-building properties derived from its ingredients. The exceptional properties of 'Ovaltine' in this respect come largely from the eggs which are used in its manufacture. This is one important reason why 'Ovaltine' is the complete tonic food beverage.

★ *In times of extra tension.*

The special properties of 'Ovaltine' make it of particular value in times of stress, by day or night. 'Ovaltine' soothes the nerves, helps you to relax and relieves "inner tension."

★ *The utmost benefit from your sleeping hours.*

When sleep is broken or lost, 'Ovaltine' quickly ensures its renewal and helps to make good the loss through its exceptional revitalising and nerve-restoring properties.

★ *The best supplement to your dietary.*

'Ovaltine' will make your diet complete in health-giving nourishment because it provides the proteins, carbohydrates, calcium, mineral salts and other valuable nutritive elements which are essential to health. Its vitamin content is also outstanding.

★ *Evidence of supreme merit.*

Remember that 'Ovaltine' is the food beverage most widely recommended by doctors everywhere. 'Ovaltine' is also most economical: 24 cupfuls can be made from the smallest size tin. Packed in airtight tins, 'Ovaltine' will "keep" indefinitely, and it is very easily prepared. If milk is not available, water can be used, as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. 'Ovaltine' can also be eaten dry—alone, or with biscuits, or as a sandwich.

*Drink delicious OVALTINE
—and note the difference
in your Nerve-strength and Outlook*



For all these reasons, 'Ovaltine' stands in a class alone. You will be wise to lay in extra supplies of 'Ovaltine' now.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"Did you participate in many engagements while you were in France?" asked the interested woman visitor.
"Only six," replied the soldier modestly.
"And you came through them all safely?"
"Not exactly," said the soldier; "I married the sixth."



"Where's Wilfred?"

"And brothers," said the darkie minister, "don't run around with other men's wives."

At this point a man in the congregation jumped up and snapped his fingers.

After the service the man went round to apologise to the preacher.

"Preacher, Ah'm sorry I made dat commotion in church, but dat sentence of yours just reminded me where I left my umbrella last night."

An income tax collector had died, and a subscription was raised in a City office for a wreath. The chief promised five shillings.

A few days later one of the clerks called to collect the money, and the chief handed him a ten-shilling note.

"You want five shillings change, sir," said the clerk.

"No," growled the other; "keep it and bury another."

THE small boy had just started school, and after about a week he said, "Mummy, teacher asked me all about you and daddy, and if I had any brothers and sisters."

"I'm glad to see her taking so much interest," replied his mother, with a gratified smile.

"What did you tell her?"

"I said I was an only child."

"And what did she say to that?" asked mother.

"Oh, just 'Thank heaven!'"

A conceited gangster had been clapped into jail for a term of twenty years. The gangster would spend his time standing behind the bars of his cell and gazing into the corridor. It was noticed that whenever a guard or visitor passed by, the inmate would never look the party in the eye. He would invariably turn his head to one side.

"What's the idea of turnin' your head when anybody passes?" sneered the guard. "Are you finally ashamed of all the crimes you've done?"

The conceited gangster kept his face turned.

"Not at all," he murmured. "It's just that I look so much better in profile!"

A small and pugnacious man was arguing with a parson about certain incidents in the Bible.

"Take the story of Daniel in the lions' den," he said. "I can explain that for you. It wasn't a miracle. What happened was that when Daniel's friends heard he was to be cast into the lions' den, they had the lions gorged with meat so that they had no appetite when Daniel was put beside them."

"That's interesting," said the parson. "And now tell me this. Would you go into a den of lions even if you knew they had dined well?"

"Well—er—yes, I would," said the man, a little uncomfortably.

"And if you did," said the parson, measuring the little man with his eye, "I feel sure the lions would look at you and say to each other, 'Boys, we've forgotten the savoury!'"

THE captain of the local fire brigade entered the local inn and ordered a half-pint of beer. The landlady looked at him in astonishment, for she had never known him order less than a pint.

Doubting whether she had heard aright, she said, "Did you say 'half a pint,' captain?"

"Yes," replied the fireman; "I know it's unusual, but I haven't time for a pint. I'm on my way to a fire."

THE Sunday morning visitor to the Navy Yard approached a sentry.

"Can you direct me to H.M.S. Satan?" he asked.

"Never heard of it," said the sentry.

"That's odd," said the stranger, as he reached in his pocket for a newspaper clipping and read, "Next Sunday the Navy Yard chaplain will preach on Satan, the great destroyer."

THIS one from America: He was very drunk—yet he had managed to stagger into the home of a gypsy fortune-teller on a New York side street. He had paid his dollar, and now he sat with his hand outstretched as the gypsy read his fortune.

"See that line?" asked the gypsy, pointing to her client's palm.

The inebriated one nodded blearily.

"Sure I see it," he returned. "What'sh it mean?"

"That means," said the gypsy gravely, "that you are going to take a trip in the very near future. To Chicago, perhaps."

A few minutes later, when he left the fortune-teller, the drunk headed straight for the Grand Central Terminal. He reeled up to the ticket window.

"Shay, buddy," he requested, "gimme a ticket to Chicago."

"Right, sir," replied the ticket clerk. "One way, or a round trip?"

The stew stuck out his palm.

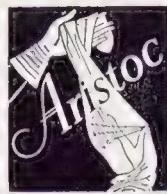
"I don't know," he hiccupped. "Take a look!"



Enterprise at "Sandbeach"

*'They cost you less because
they last so long'*

Whenever busy women meet at war work, you will hear this sage advice, 'Whatever you buy or don't buy this season, you simply must wear Aristoc. For Aristoc last so long that they're an economy. And they look so lovely that they make a last year's suit look twelve months younger...' And so, remember, if your dress budget has been 'cut for victory', that Aristoc are a really essential part of your outlay, for their beauty and economy are a visible tribute to your impeccable good taste.



Aristoc

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK STOCKINGS

THE TATLER
SHORT STORY

HEAVENS MINCH COWS

By DOUGLAS NEWTON

THE Ober-Ober-gauleiter of the Sub-Secret Bureau of Espionage regretted current loyalties in moustaches; the last ruler's had been so much more satisfactory when a man wanted to be really intimidating. He let loose a growl that would have curdled lions and fixed Miss Weevil with a pentecostal eye. Miss Weevil beamed back so ecstatically that her pince-nez fell off. She had that sort of way and that sort of nose, snub to nothing.

"You have been some long time in my country, Fräulein," said the Ober-Ober in a tone of iron from a face of granite.

"Oh, no," Miss Weevil cried. "Far too little. It's been so terribly wonderful. Every minute has been so deadly precious, that I dread, just dread the passing of the moments that will bring my little holiday to its end."

"Yes! Yes! Miss Wiffle," the Ober-Ober put in hastily, for if she was only the faded little ready-to-wear spinster she seemed he wasn't going to run risks of death by gush and garrulity. "But I am questioning. And it is—why have you come here?"

"Oh, but that's easy," she smiled. "Because of the pin."

"The—what?" he blinked. "Pin! The pin you—you stick into peoples?"

"But that'd be brutal," she said severely. "I use mine to fasten articles together."

"So, I mean him too," the Ober-Ober's scowl would have devastated neutrals. "And you say this pin took you here—beware, Miss Wiffle, I am not to be foolished."

"But of course it did," she beamed patiently. "When Uncle Smeech left me two hundred and fifty pounds this May I knew he meant it for foreign travel. I had talked so often to him about my passion for foreign travel—which I never could afford, of course. But two hundred and fifty pounds—that decided me. I said to myself 'I go abroad this July 1939, if the heavens fall.' Of course, the difficulty was—to where? There are such heaps and heaps of lovely places that I yearn for. So as I couldn't make up my mind, I let the pin do it for me. You know—I took a pin in one hand and the 'Pay What You Can Travel Agency List of Select Tours' in the other and pushed the pin between the leaves. I rather hoped it'd be France or Italy, they're so much more refined and civilized, aren't they? But the pin scratched you—and so it had to be. Not that I . . ."

The Ober-Ober's face had been steadily swelling and reddening like a prize peony about to burst into bloom, but only after several deep-sea gurgles did he manage to thunder:

"Madame! Stop! Attend! Whateffer brought you here, you have followed a strange route: Hoffenflauten, Slaushauten, Bierkrautten Toffenberg; muck—all of them very, very important places."

"Oh no, I was disappointed—except at Bierkrautten. The water wasn't really cold in the hotel there. Not that the castle at Goffenberg was bad. Not a patch on the ruined jail at Hoo-Rumage, near my home, but then, of course, we can't expect too much from foreigners, can we?"

"Miss Wiffle. Please! Shut up!" The Ober-Ober thundered. "I am examining you gravely. You have visited all these most significant places, places of military importance."

"There, I thought the soldiers weren't there for nothing," Miss Weevil beamed. "As I wrote to my god-niece."

"That is it," the Ober-Ober managed to crash in. "You wrote. You wrote a letter from each of those places. Miss Wiffle and I am—"

"Perhaps I ought to tell you something," began Miss Weevil apologetically.

"Ha! You tell—what?"

"My name isn't Wiffle. It's Weevil, pronounced Wuufle!"

The Ober-Ober hit his table with both hands: "Silence! We are talking of your letters. Strange letters."

"Yes, Teeny is a queer wee creature," Miss Weevil sighed. "So charming and spiritual."

"I repeat you have written these strange letters to this Teeny from every town. Very questionable letters. No descriptions of your travels, no mention of our glorious scenery, of our cultural life, of our industries, our lack of unemployment and the Winter Relief Fund for it."

"But Teeny would not like that," Miss Weevil explained brightly. "When you write to a child, you think as a child."

"You write stupidities," the Ober-Ober boomed. "Vain nonsense, senseless fairy tales. Look," he lifted a wad of typescript. "These are copies of all your letters. There is this from Slaushauten. It reads 'Darlingest Teeny: I am having the scrummiest time.' Hmm! Hmm! Ach, here it is. 'This very grubby place reminds me of a cow story. Once upon a time the Heaven Minch Cows were inclined to pine in their weakly condition and though they had plenty grass buns they stood about like snails with no place to tuck in their tails. They . . . Himmel, it is rubbish.'"

"But if it were not that would spoil it," Miss Weevil beamed. "Don't you know your Lear, or your Carroll?"

"Leer? Carol? What has a sly grin of the face or singing Christmas hymns to do with this?"

"Pardon Herr-Ober-Ober," his secretary ventured. "Those are the names of English writers to which English children are very addicted."

"Nonsense fed to children!" the Ober-Ober gulped. "Truly a decadent race. And this—is this sort of thing nonsense? In your letter from Hoffenflauten. 'Tweeny-weeny, my love, mud is a lush-landscape to this place,' ahem—ah, here we are, 'You remember the story of the Brook that shot rooks? Well, here ten Brooks are ever ready to let fly at rooks, every month of the year. They are trunk-minded Brooks, so you see . . .' Is that again your leering carroll, madame?"

"Yes, Herr Ober-Ober, that is just how this nonsense goes," said the secretary proud of his knowledge of English literature.

"Pah!" exploded his chief. "They and their Brooks and their Heavenly Minch Cows. What does it mean, unless—"

"How do I know," Miss Weevil sniggered. "But I thought it lovely. Minch—so Carrolline; combination of Milch and Munch, you know."

"I do not, Miss Woofle. It is no sense to me unless it makes too much sense. There have been grave leakages from each of these towns."

"But that's plumbing," said the bewildered old lady. "Were we really talking about that?"

"Military leakages, Miss Waffle," said the Ober-Ober in growing despair. "Each of those places is a centre of military manufacture, and most accurate figures of what they produce have been reaching your country. We want to know how. There is nothing we can trace—except your strange letters."

"O-oh, are you arresting me as a spy?" Miss Weevil trilled. "But how gorgeous!"

"What! You are actually pleased?"

"Who wouldn't be? Why nothing like it has ever happened to Hoo-Rumage before. They'll never stop talking about it—and on my first foreign travel, too!"

On the verge of internal combustion the Ober-Ober could only stare, gulp, mutter: "Take her away. Pack her home. Straight. At once. She is too crazy to take war and munitions seriously."

So little old Miss Weevil tripped home, adored and ministered to by every porter who came under her smile. But while she was changing trains at London for Hoo-Rumage she found time to drop in upon that man of fun and iron who was the brains of her country's secret service.

"You got all my letters, Roddy?" she asked.

"Every one, Aunt Fanny; and your gift of insatiable curiosity was every bit as valuable as I knew it would be—only you know they were opened and read on their side?"

"We expected that, didn't we, darling? But I knew they couldn't translate them? Did you find it hard, or shall I run through them with you?"

"I think I got everything. In fact you're a wonder, Aunt Fanny. All the idiot tales with your rhyming, punning slang came back to me as I read those absurd letters. But the Heaven Minch Cows was a bit near the danger point, wasn't it?"

"But such a lovely line, as I told their Ober-Ober man. Only he was far too solemnly stupid ever to see anything."

"All the same, writing it from Slaushauten, where they only specialize in manufacturing artillery—"

"Perhaps you're right, but I simply couldn't think of anything else to fit 7-inch howitzers. You saw the rhyme of it quickly, I hope—and of the rest of the message?"

"I think so—this is how it goes, isn't it?" he lifted her letter. "Heaven Minch Cows stands for Seven-Inch Hows. 'pine in their weakly condition' means an output of nine a week. 'Plenty' is twenty. 'Grass' nearly stumped me, but of course it means field. Buns—guns, naturally. 'Stood about like snails with no place to tuck their tails'—that means they're held up by lack of shells, since a snail tucks his tail into its shell. In other words the munitions plant at Slaushauten is producing nine 7-inch howitzers and twenty field guns a week, but its shell production is short: am I right, Aunt Fanny?"

"Quite right, Teeny, dear. And the other messages—all right, too?"

"Yes, but you nearly floored me with the Brooks fairy tale. Then I remembered the old catch about Brooks shooting rooks, in which one got the number by writing a capital B like 13. That, and the fact that Hoffenflauten manufactures aeroplanes, told me that ten Brooks, would be ten multiplied by that capital B, i.e., 13—that meant 130 planes was their monthly production. 'Trunk-minded Brooks' would be 'long-distance Brooks' as in telephoning; so I read the message as 130 big long-distance planes a month. Am I right?"

"Perfectly. But you always were delightfully quick in the uptake. I'm so glad I've been able to help you, Roddy. You have no fault to find?"

"Well, calling me Teeny-Weeny, was rather a strain," he grinned. "But I put up with that for so good a cause."

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Perfect protection from
fickle autumn weather—
warmth and comfort for
nights 'on duty.' Pure
wool's your guarantee.
Vests with button fronts
and long or half sleeves.
Ankle-length pants or shorts
with button fronts or self-
supporting waistbands in
'Lastex' yarn. Sizes 34 to
52 in. chest. 32 to 52 in.
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Each garment **14/9**

'TECTOR' SOCKS

The perfect fitting sock—no wrinkles at the ankle—a special rib knit prevents this—no shrinkage, that's the all-wool from which they're made. In blue, grey, fawn or brown mixtures, also plain khaki, navy, nigger, black or white. Sizes 10-12 ins

Per pair **4/-**
6 pairs **23/6**

THE MAN'S SHOP
HARRODS LTD



*The way that tank climbs!
Up and over everything.*

It reminds me of my M.G.

★ SAFETY FAST

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LTD.

Viscount Nuffield, Chairman

Abingdon-on-Thames





*The Highway
of
Fashion*

by M. E. Brooker



THE tailored negligée or house coat, call it what you will, has come into its own, and nowhere is there to be found a more representative collection than in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The model above is carried out in Candida crêpe of a soft ripe barley shade, enriched with walnut brown Cornelli embroidery. The pockets are capacious, and the scheme is completed with a sliding fastener. The full-skirted model on the right is pale green grosgrain

IT may well be said of Coty's "Four Seasons" Eau-de-Cologne that it came, saw and conquered. Illustrations of the artistic containers appear on this page. It is a perfect travelling companion, as it is endowed with a wondrous freshness, while the importance of its work in the sick room is great. Then after the bath it should be used as a friction. Many war workers cannot obtain a regular bath, but a Coty "Four Seasons" Eau-de-Cologne friction is a good substitute

Photographs by George Miles



Conversations on Beauty

WRITTEN BY *Nerina Shute*, WELL-KNOWN PLAYWRIGHT & HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT. ILLUSTRATED BY *Anna Zinkeisen*, FAMOUS PAINTER OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

She : What did you think of the First Act ?

He : I'm afraid I didn't see it . . . I was looking at you.

She : (Smiling) Are you going to propose again ?

He : Look here, Martha, why don't you marry me and put me out of my agony ? I can't eat and I can't sleep . . . all because of you.

She : Just like a man to think of marriage in terms of eating and sleeping !

He : (With a sigh) To be in love is a great disadvantage socially.

She : Why ?

He : It's like having measles. I

do nothing but tell my friends how beautiful you are . . . so now everybody leaves the room when they see me coming.

She : (Softly) Try the subject on me.

He : The modern girl nearly always looks painted and artificial, but *you* look naturally beautiful. Thank goodness, you don't use make-up.

She : But I do ! I use everything made by Madame Pomeroy.

He : Never mind, I kissed you in the First Act and your lips are still red . . . so will you marry me, darling ?

She : (In a whisper) Thank goodness for Pomeroy lipstick.

JEANNETTE

Pomeroy

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Pomeroy Skin Food

Pomeroy Cleansing Cream

Pomeroy Day Cream

Pomeroy Beauty Milk

Pomeroy Powder

Pomeroy Astringent Lotion

PRICES FROM 2/3 TO 9/6

The Way of the War

(Continued from page 4)

to replace those temporarily put out of action by, or as a result of, air attack. But the strain which is being put upon those organizations by the attempt to carry on the full functions of the city as though everything were perfectly normal, is needlessly heavy.

What, for example, is the purpose of moving 10,000 persons into the city of London each morning and out again each evening in order that the Stock Exchange can maintain the fiction that it is dealing briskly during full working hours five days a week? Those staffs have to be transported, together with food for their daytime requirements. That is adding unnecessarily to the burdens falling on many public services. The same is true of many Government departments, situated in the heart of London, but staffed by persons the bulk of whom live in the suburbs. A special committee has now been set up by the Government to consider this problem. To many of us it seems that common sense decisions ought to be reached immediately. The next six weeks will be of vital importance.

Sir John Anderson, as Minister of Home Security, remains extremely reluctant to adopt any changes in preconceived ideas. Traffic lights must continue to hold us up during the night air raids, although little traffic is on the move while, some people say, many of our thoroughfares are clearly demarcated for the enemy airman by these long lines of coloured lamps. With equal reluctance the idea of using sections of our vast tube railway system as deep shelters is being adopted. Mr. Bevin is urging upon the Cabinet the need for mobile canteens to visit the shelters by night dispensing hot drinks and food. Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, as Minister of Health, is working on plans to avert serious loss of life during the coming winter from epidemic disease.

Experts consider that unless these measures are adopted now the danger of a heavy death roll from influenza, and other conditions to which we shall be liable, following unaccustomed strain, loss of sleep and unwonted exposure, will be very great. All concerned are agreed that, if these precautions are taken, the country, its cities and its factories will survive the trials of the winter triumphantly; far better than Germany.

German Disappointment

Reports coming in from a variety of sources show that short rations during the coming winter may create widespread discontent in Germany. Probably, by their pillage of the countries they have overrun the Germans will be able to maintain the scanty ration scale which they kept in operation last winter. But even with the additional stocks acquired this will involve drawing heavily on Germany's own reserves. Apparently, as is understandable, there is deep public disappointment that the military efforts and successes of the past summer have not served to improve the conditions of life which the German must endure during another probable hard winter. This is a factor which the Nazi rulers are obliged to take into account.

Nor is it wishful thinking to assert that the morale of the German troops, assembled for the invasion of Britain, is far from satisfactory. A number of cross-checked reports seem to establish beyond question that there have already been heavy casualties in this force—perhaps sustained when it put to sea on trial exercises, perhaps because machine guns were used to persuade the troops that the expeditions for which they were detailed would be a walk over. It is also said that train loads of rebellious soldiers have had to be moved back into the Reich and replaced by others who have not been subjected to the merciless bombardment of the Royal Air Force and Navy.

* * *

The Ladies' Kennel Association

Owing to the exigencies of the present situation, L.K.A. notes which have been for so long a popular feature in this paper, and which have been so ably written by Miss Bruce, has had to be temporarily suspended. We now learn from Miss Bruce that the Ladies' Kennel Association has united with the senior body, The Kennel Club and that the canine Press is raising a fund to give a fighter plane to the nation. Miss Bruce thinks that some of the people who have benefited by either selling or buying dogs from the medium of her notes might like to help this fund. Any subscriptions can be sent to her at Redcastle, Killeen, Ross-shire.



MRS. R. E. CLIVE

One of the many British women who, in keeping with the tradition of their ancestors, has joined the Services. Mrs. Clive is a Section Leader in the M.T.C., now asking for old serviceable cars. Her husband, Captain R. E. Clive, is a grandson of Clive of India

Social Round-About

(Continued from page 10)

chorus girls, and mediæval hunting men for variety and inconsequence) something most satisfactory could be worked out. I hope it will be, later on.

Mr. Hugh Walpole was at the concert mentioned a paragraph back. He is said to go to every single concert in London. As he writes bits about every single promising young book, besides filling shelves with his own considerable works, he must have plenty of energy. Especially as he is always so wonderfully enthusiastic.

Film Making

Michael Redgrave got spoken to in a restaurant the other day, and responded with a little information. He is delighted to be working on Mr. H. G. Wells's *Kipps*.

"Back in 1905, before I was born," he says, "things seemed to be less pressing, to say the least." Mr. Wells says he is perfectly reconciled to Mr. Redgrave in his creation, having at first been worried about his height. The essential is simplicity, and Mr. Wells is looking forward to *Kipps* more than any other of his films. Diana Wynyard is in it too, and Cecil Beaton, who has made himself an expert on the Edwardian period, is designing costumes and advising on atmosphere and fun and games of the period. I wish a film could be made of his own glorious work, "My Royal Past."

House-Sickness

Particularly bad sailors claim to be affected by the periodic rocking of their homes these nights, and the effect of having the bath water sway about one while one occupies it can be distinctly nauseating. I am told that sleeping on the floor is another interesting new thing, done by people unaccustomed to it when forced by outside conditions to sleep where they dine, or when prudently making use of unfurnished cellars and basements. New knowledge gained of how it feels to be a cat, and how idiotic other people look seen from the feet up instead of from the face down. Also an awareness of wainscots, which seem to the uninitiated many to have no purpose except the collection of just a bit more dust. Returning to the idea of being a cat, wainscots, of course, provide the excitement of possible mice on the other side, and are obviously the only part of the wall that counts as no one, least of all cats, considers anything above their head to be of any importance.

Pins and Ethics

Also from the level of the floor may be seen such lost treasures as the screw tops of tubes, and pins. People brandishing their acid test of honesty declare "I wouldn't steal a pin," which seems to be going a bit far. At what point does a pin become public property? Certainly it must be by the time it is occupying a crack between floor boards; it is then in the "See a pin and pick it up, All the day you'll have good luck" category, which has nothing to do with stealing. The new rule about shooting people for looting will be bringing consciences up to date I expect.

Pets

One of the things that clarified What We Are Fighting For more than anything else was the Nazi extermination of household pets for the sake of the food they ate. Never would such a thing be possible over here, and if it came to the point we should doubtless hold out to a dog, our last outpost being held by two Pekes and a Dachshund (to prove impartiality) whose owners had sacrificed their share in the last dog biscuit.

I heard a story of a time-bomb that joined the lodgers in one of those Kensington boarding establishments. The oldest old lady spoke of it with affection. "We shall be sorry for it to go off," she said. "It has become quite a pet."

Moth Season

Yes, boys with wardrobes have a big problem connected with joining the Forces. What about those lovely double-breasted dinner jackets, that jaunty pin stripe, the herring-bone tweed, and so on, which have so much to do with their conquering attitude towards civilian life? It is essential that they should be intact, unriddled by moths, for the great day of the Return.

One sent all of his to be cherished by the tailor who created them, but alas, a bomb puffed them into eternity within a few days. It would seem that the only hope is to roll them like the canvases of pictures, and imprison them in cylinders under ground.

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ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

CHIEF PROTECTIVE FOODS

Milk	Potatoes
Butter or Margarine	Green Vegetables (fresh or canned but not dried)
Cheese	Salads
Eggs	Fruit (fresh or canned but not dried)
Herrings (fresh, canned or salt)	Carrots
Salmon (fresh or canned)	Tomatoes
Liver	Wholemeal Bread

SOUP FOR AIR-RAIDS

Try to make soup every day so that you always have some ready to heat up. A hot drink works wonders at a time of shock or strain. Nothing could be better than hot vegetable soup as this is nourishing as well as soothing. Prepare and cut up 2 or 3 carrots, 2 onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ small swede and if possible 2 or 3 sticks of celery. Make 1 oz. dripping very hot in your saucepan. Put in the vegetables and cook for a few minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Add 2 pints hot water and bring to the boil. Put in 2 ozs. rice or pearl barley, cover, and simmer for 2 hours. More water may be added if

necessary. A little chopped parsley just before serving is a pleasant addition.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Potatoes are very warming and invigorating. Serve them often, and for a change try using them this way. Scrub 2 lbs. potatoes and cut them into thick slices. Peel and slice $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. onions. Mix together 1 heaped tablespoonful flour, 1 teaspoonful salt and pepper to taste. Grease a pie-dish. Put in alternate layers of potatoes and onions, sprinkling each layer with the seasoned flour. The top layer should be of potatoes. Pour in 3 teacupfuls hot milk and bake for about 1 hour in a moderate oven. This makes enough for 4 or 5 people.

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A ROWING BLUE AND HIS BRIDE

Pilot Officer R. W. G. Holdsworth, R.A.F.V.R., who stroked the Oxford boat in 1931 and 1933, and his bride, the former Miss Mary Zvezintzov, leaving St. Peter's in the East, Oxford, after their wedding last week. The bride is the daughter of the late Colonel Alexander Zvezintzov



MAJOR AND MRS. HUBERT STETHEN

Who were married at Old Bakewell Parish Church on the 21st. The bridegroom is in the Canadian Army, and the bride was Miss Stephanie Sugg, and is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Sugg. Mr. Sugg being a famous Yorkshire sportsman particularly in the cricket world



SUB-LIEUTENANT AND MRS. J. C. CHERRY

Another rowing wedding, as Sub-Lieutenant J. Conrad Cherry rowed in the Oxford crew of 1936 and 1938. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Cherry, and his bride was Miss Glory Rowe, daughter of the late Mr. George Rowe and Mrs. Rowe. The wedding was at Cookham Dean Church



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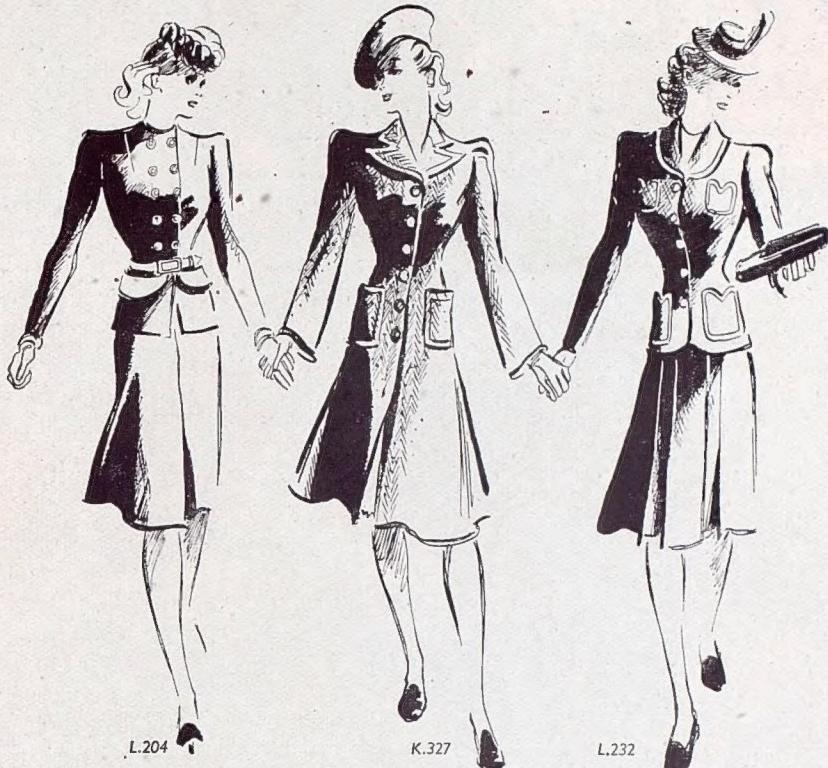
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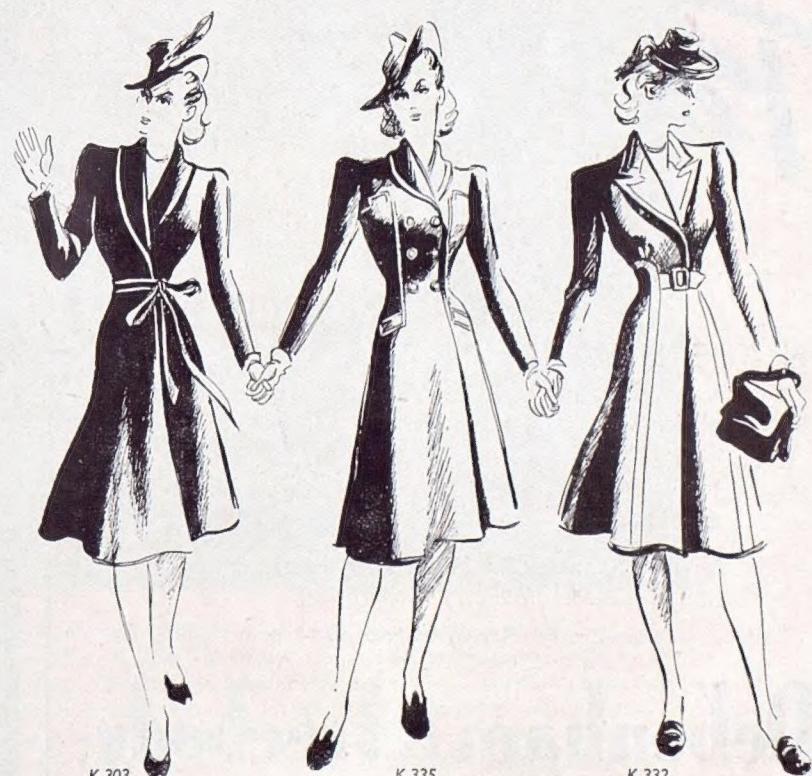


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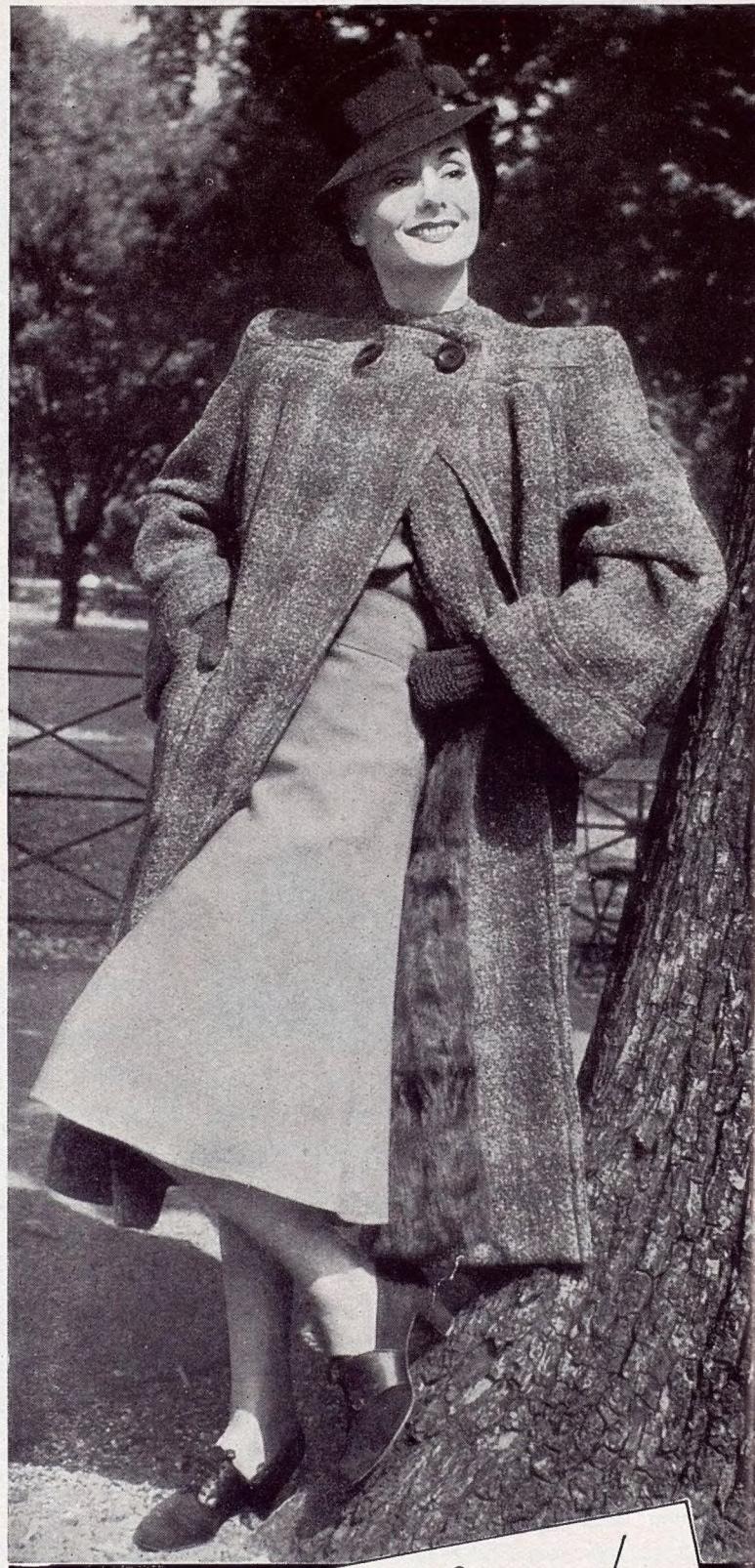
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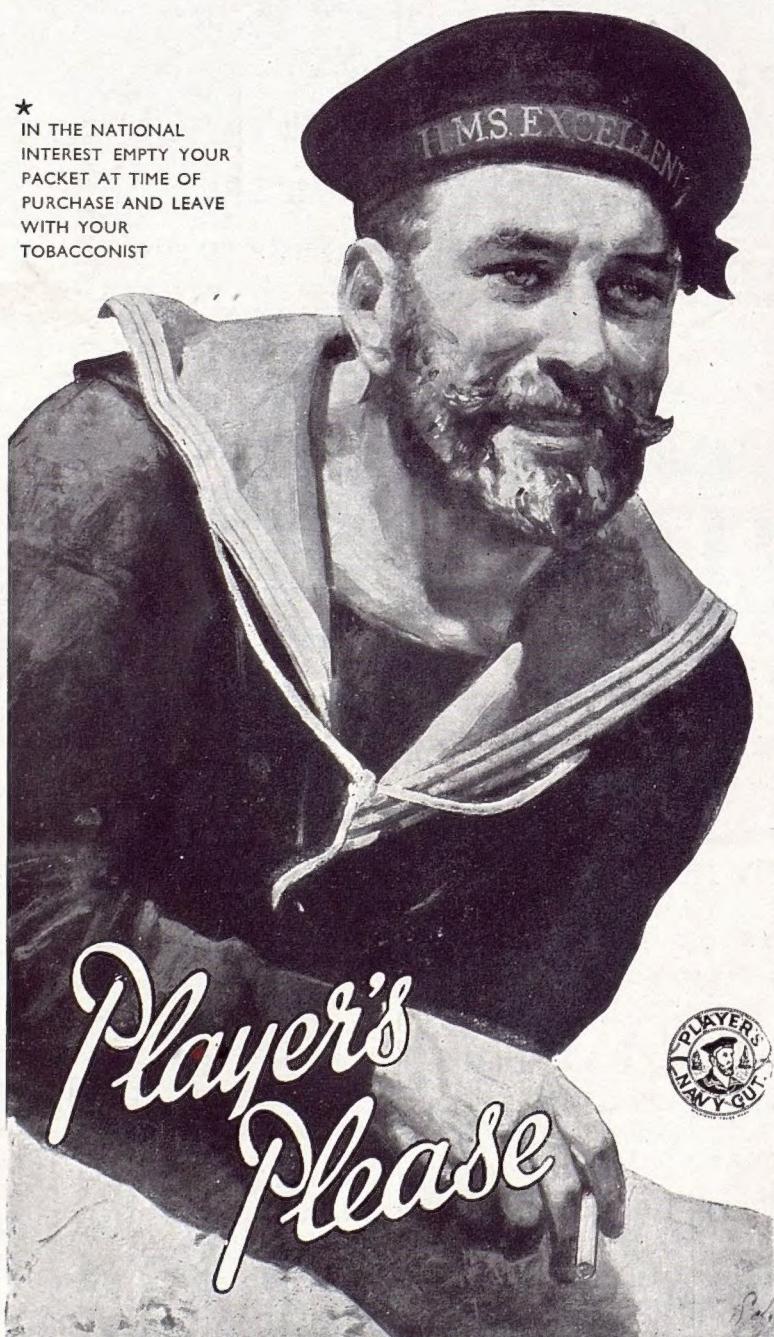
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